

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels of My Night-Cap, or Reveries in Rhyme; with Scenes at the Congress of Verona. By the Author of My Note-Book, or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's. 12mo. pp. 146. London, 1825. Whittaker.

SOME persons, who are for ever depreciating the present age in order to enhance the merits of some good old times, which exist in imagination only, contend that there is a great dearth of satire and comic humour in the present day; this we beg leave to deny, and appeal to a Byron, a Canning, and a Gifford, to the authors of the Rejected Addresses, to the new aspirant who gave us that really-clever work a few weeks ago, the Odes and Addresses to Great People, and to Wilfred Woodfall (*a nom de guerre*), the author of My Note-Book, and the Travels of My Night-Cap.

We have had almost all sorts of travellers: one man undertakes to describe all he sees, and relate all he hears; another confines himself to a political account of the government of the countries through which he passes; a third is more anxious to discover what is in the bowels of the earth than what is on it. Then we have sentimental travellers, who go blubbering like a whipped school-boy from Dan to Beersheba, or rather from Joppa to Jerusalem; we have some of such happy dispositions as to be content with everything; and others, who are content with nothing.—But to describe the various sorts of travellers would occupy that space we are bound to devote to our author, who is the first we have encountered that narrates his travels in verse. The work is one with which we are much pleased; we like the novelty of the title, the politeness of the dedication to the printer's devil, whom the author greets in very friendly terms, and the poetical prologue on that cherished companion of our slumbers—the Night-Cap.

The Night-Cap of our author was, he tells us, of cotton,—a circumstance which would shock the delicate Harriette Wilson, who has recorded her aversion to such *caput-covering*. The author's tour was made during the time the congress was held at Verona, previous to which he travelled via Dunkirk, Brussels, &c. to Vienna; the country, the incidents that occurred, and the individuals he encountered, are all described with much *naïveté* and genuine humour. From Calais, he proceeded in the diligence to Dunkirk, in company with 'two Christian Dutchmen and a Jew,' and—

'A Flemish laceman, and a wench
Whose nameless orbit lov'd to trench
Beyond its proper sphere.'

Vol. VI.

While waiting at a Flemish inn, for the repairing of the diligence, a little incident occurred, which we must relate:—

'Meanwhile the Jew confess'd a flame:
He sought the wench with ardent aim,
And thought his conquest sure.
The Laceman spy'd him—his red eye
In burning fury seem'd to fry,—
The female was his niece;
"Hep! hep!" he cries—the Jew was wild,
The landlord laugh'd, the damsel smiled;
All cackled on like geese.
At length the laceman was assuaged;
But th' Israelite, still more enraged,
Now wax'd intensely warm!
His frantic gestures menaced blows,
Which made the Dutchman interpose,
And seize his lifted arm.
Before him stood fat Boniface,
With tongue that argued all the case,
And grin that mock'd the feud;
Yet still he seem'd intent on strife,
And would have grasp'd a carving-knife,
But—Moses was subdued.
The two Batavians held him tight,
The laceman vanish'd out of sight,
The damsel disappear'd:
She proved herself a worthless jade;
An assignation she had made,
And first at Moses leer'd.'

So much for narrative: now for a description of the scenery of the Rhine, in which the author is equally happy:—

'The Rhine ascending, we beheld
Its ample bosom, as it swell'd
And glitter'd in the beam,
That now with all its radiant pow'r
Shone forth in autumn's golden hour,
To gild the glorious stream.
Light mirthful songs around were sung;
The vines with teeming clusters hung;
Gay blithesome rustics vied
In taking from each burden'd tree
Its liquid load; nor could there be
A fairer scene espy'd.
In sweet perspective, hamlets lay
Beneath rude piles of dingy grey,
That rose aloft in air,
The stern memorials of those times
When "barons bold" committed crimes
Which no man now would dare.'

Arrived at the gates of Vienna at midnight, the author was detained an hour before the janitor appeared; and the examination of the passport, and comparing the description with the person, created further delay, for—

'Here a discrepancy was seen
With lantern light—his glances keen
Made out my hair was brown;
Though in the passport it was said
To be a sort of spurious red,—
As such it was put down.
This wakes his doubts, and, lo! my hair
Had now become a state affair,—
A council must be called;

A police council, to decide
What colour nature had supplied,—
I wish'd my cranium bald.'

At Vienna, our author visits the theatre, and sees the Emperor of Austria and young Napoleon, whom he thus describes:—

'I saw young NAP, and he appears
A youth matur'd beyond his years;
His nose and chin proclaim his sire;
His eyes bespeak a latent fire;
His manner ardent, quick, and bold,
Reminds one much of NAP the old.
Attended by two surly sages,
And three or four imperial pages,
He came one night to see the play,
And look'd and laugh'd and talk'd away.
His grandsire close adjoining sat,
And Nappy's pate would often pat:
While Nappy, smiling in his face,
Appear'd to ask if he could trace
The organ there which skullmen find
In skulls for sov'reign pow'r design'd?
But politicians well may doubt,
If cranium quacks e'er find it out.'

All this is in the 'Apostrophe to the Night-Cap'; the author, then, *per saltum*, commences a canto in the *ottava rima*, since—

'No muse e'er gave to Byron's brain
Th' exclusive right to th' octave strain.'

This second poem is in two cantos, and contains the author's tour in Italy, on his way to Verona, whither emperors, kings, ambassadors, and nobles, were hastening. In the course of his poem, the author introduces many sly rubs at English as well as foreign follies; thus, he says,—

'I lik'd Treviso, and the country round
Presents some scenes which all men must admire:
Villas and gardens everywhere abound;
Not villas such as cockneys would desire,
With squatted roof scarce raised above the ground,
And trellis prim as cockney could require:
Suburban structures here are built with taste;
The Hackney Road's with clustering brick defac'd.

'In Latium taste has long pronounc'd her fiat;
And architecture here, you must admit,
Displays much less of nibbling Nash than Wyatt.

A favour'd Wyatt lately has thought fit
To vilify a noted name, and try at
Distinctive station by some happy hit.
All England knows Bragge Bathurst chang'd
his name,
But still he's Bragge, and Bragge is still the same.'

Lady Morgan and Mr. Colburn come in for a rap, an offence which would insure the author a cutting up in the New Monthly, had not Mr. Campbell the spirit not to identify himself with his publisher. Speaking of Lady Morgan's Italy, which he took with

him and destroyed, lest the ire it provoked to Austria should get him into a scrape, he says truly:—

'Yet, sooth so say, her book can do no harm;
Conceit and folly never should excite
One serious thought or feeling of alarm:
Let Austria rule; her ladyship may write:
Her pen innoxious no man should disarm,
No power restrain her visionary flight;
And while for Colburn's puffing shop she plies,
For Colburn let Sir Charles philosophize.'

Of Venice we have a very faithful poetic description:—

'In stately grandeur piles majestic rose,
With sculptured wealth enrich'd in purest taste:
But from the windows rags and ragged clothes
Hung dangling down, and all the front disgrac'd.

'T would seem as if the washerwomen chose
To show how far that art might be debas'd,
Which noseless Elgin found a ready trade,
Denounc'd by Athens, but by Britain paid.

'Spirit of Phidias! couldst thou but awake,
And witness so much profanation dire,
What retribution would thy vengeance take!
To such apostrophes I can't aspire.

Phidias and famed Praxiteles could make
The marble man to glow with living fire.
Wyatt, with fierce Bellona on his side,
Has rais'd a horse for George the Third to ride.'

The buildings, sculpture, and pictures at Venice are noticed with characteristic brevity. Padua, Vicenza, and other places through which the author passed, are all described, as well as Verona, which he was fortunate enough to be allowed to enter, in consequence of Prince Metternich having signed his passport at Vienna; this was a privilege few enjoyed. Here were assembled persons of almost every kindred, tongue, and people:

'The *Torre di Londra* and the *Due Torri*
Are rival inns; the former takes the lead.
Here in a nook, surmounting th' upper story,
A camera was fitted up with speed;
A sturdy fellow, call'd a *servitore*,
Arrang'd a couch, which in the hour of need
I gladly seiz'd, and, every house being full,
Rejoic'd to find a vacant pack of wool.

'Below me princes, counts, and barons, took
All sorts of places, such as they could get:
The designations in th' *albergo*-book
Announced a most extraordinary set.
A din discordant all th' apartments shook,
As though to Babel's craftsmen they were
let;
And th' ear, astounded, heard the mingled strains
Of Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Poles, and Danes.

'Some flippant Frenchmen jabber'd night and day,
Regardless how they talk'd, or what they said;
An old Dalmatian always us'd to pray
And sing a psalm before he went to bed;
Two British foplings near his chamber lay;
One always cry'd, "Now, dam'me, go it, Ned!"

A Frankfort Jew was ready to discount
The bills of all, no matter what amount.'

'The ministers arriv'd without delay,
The sev'ral monarchs follow'd in succession,
And th' Emp'r'r Francis, on a certain day,
Came in without a pageant or procession;

Yet did the loyal Veronese display
A duteous zeal, too ardent for repression:
Their beds they stripp'd of counterpanes and sheets,
And hung them out to line the public streets.

'This custom through all Italy obtains
When grand occasions great attempts require,
And oft old rags, befoul'd with spots and stains,
To mar th' effect in floating filth conspire.
Not only in the streets, but narrow lanes,
Did persons sport their bedclothes and attire:
Some windows show'd, in votive guise let down,
A tatter'd breeches, petticoat, or gown.'

The opera at Verona is, perhaps, one of the happiest of our author's felicitous descriptions; we shall, however, only notice the Ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, and her one-eyed chamberlain, whom it was stated, a few days ago, she had married:—

'A vet'ran warrior usher'd to her seat
A princess, once the partner of a throne
That saw all Europe prostrate at the feet
Of him who rais'd it. Now must she disown
His name and lineage, nor presume to treat
Her son as though the father ere were known;

While yet that son can proudly boast a sire,
Whose fame with history only can expire.

'Napoleon's relict seem'd not to repine
At glories vanish'd, and departed sway;
Of widow'd mourning she display'd no sign;
Her dress was gorgeous and her manner gay.
A wreath of brilliants did her locks confine:
The robe she wore might suit her bridal day:
Some slavish painters to her face have lent
Such charms as nature for her face ne'er meant.

'Her cheek was pallid to the last degree;
At Ackermann's 'tis blooming as the rose:
Her mouth is large; her eyes appear to be
Too far apart; and shapeless is her nose.
If in description I've been rather free,
I've shown no more than what her mirror shows:

But in their mirrors ladies never find
The portrait homely—vanity is blind!

'Her chamberlain, a Polyphemus, stood
With hideous aspect close behind her chair;
Monstrum horrendum! he did all he could
To make his features uglier than they were.
His widow'd optic had not, as it should,
A glass companion, and was seen to stare
From a deep region, which a bandage black
Had half-conceal'd—his breeches seem'd a sack.

'A bristly covert crown'd his upper lip,
Besmear'd with grease, and parting into twain,
With forked points converging towards the tip
Of his huge nose, which o'er them hung
amain.

These mad mustachios he forbore to clip,
But let them still a savage growth attain.
His oblong mouth their wild luxuriance hid;
His face seem'd all things human to forbid.

'A *dame d'honneur* (a royal waiting maid
Is thus in French appropriately styl'd)
Sat near her mistress, mark'd attention paid,
Talk'd when commanded, and when silent
smil'd.

The *quondam* empress earnestly survey'd
The brilliant scene; and with his optic wild
Did Polyphemus take a fierce review,
While staring optics towards his phiz he drew.'

The opera was the *Lady of the Lake*:—

'A poor castrato had but sorry claims
To personate the hero of romance;
And, while Veluti squeak'd as *James Fitzjames*,
The *Lady* cast a shrewd sagacious glance,
As though she felt that men should lose their names,

When wanting all that can their fames enhance:
Loud without fulness, shrill but never clear,
He pip'd such notes as Nature shrunk to hear.'

Of this Veluti, who has lately arrived in London, we are elsewhere told:—

'Close by the Brenta lives in rural ease
A wight that, ere in manhood's season ripe,
Was doom'd a parent's avarice to please,
And sacrifice his manhood to his pipe;
Veluti's form no human creature sees,
Unshock'd by nature's mutilated type.
Eurs'd be that wretch, that monster-like offender,
Whose thirst of gain his offspring can ungender*.

Among the 'gentlemen of Verona' was a London Quaker, who went with the amiable motive of enlisting the sovereigns in a crusade against the slave-trade; it would, however, seem that this was not the only object of his journey:—

'The world should know that Obadiah sold
Drugs of all kinds, and traffick'd as he went:
Orders he took, and open'd, while he stroll'd,
A moving market through the continent.
Philanthropists we rarely can behold
So warm as when on private gain intent.
The more the Quaker traded with the quacks,
The stronger grew his feeling for the blacks.'

On looking retrospectively, we feel almost ashamed of having drawn so largely on this little work; but really the fruit was so tempting, that we could not but pluck it. Much as we admired the former works of the author, we are still better pleased with the *Travels of My Night-Cap*, which would not discredit the pen of a Moore or even a Byron.

Selections from the Works of the Baron de Humboldt, relating to the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, and Mines of Mexico. With Notes. By JOHN TAYLOR, Esq. Treasurer to the Geological Society. 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1824. Longman and Co.

IN an age when so much capital is embarked in mining speculations, we shall be excused for calling the attention of our readers to this work, though, like that of Mr. Mounteney on the same subject, it does not claim the merit of originality. Mr. Taylor is, we believe, a practical miner, and, naturally enough, feels a deep interest in the prospect which our relation with the New World opens of rendering its treasures more available. Under the besotted sway of Spain, no attempt was made to introduce those improvements science has discovered in the working of mines; but, on the contrary, every improvement was sturdily resisted. Thus, with the richest mines in

* 'The horrible practice of castration, which was so long the disgrace of those rulers who sanctioned it, is now prohibited in every part of Italy; the singer, Veluti, and one or two others, being at this time the only surviving monuments of licensed outrage on human nature.'

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the world, with a splendid college for instructing miners, and with a code of laws which pretended to encourage them, Mexico made no advances in the science of working its mineral treasures, while England, with only metals of inferior value, without any public institution for instruction of this sort, and even without books on the subject, has within a few years raised the art of mining to a perfection heretofore unknown, and has carried it on in spite of difficulties not to be met with elsewhere.

If, then, the skill and experience in mining which we possess, and the use of our engines, are applied to the mines of Mexico, there can be no doubt that more ore will be obtained at less expense, and in infinitely less time, than has been hitherto done: not only is the method of mining in Mexico bad, but every process in extracting and cleansing the precious metals is slow and expensive. How rich Mexico is in the precious metal, and what a field it opens for mining, will appear by the following account:—

'Annual produce in gold, 4239 lbs. troy; in silver, 1,439,832 lbs.; in all, to the value of £5,000,000. sterling, or nearly the half of the precious metals annually extracted from the mines of North and South America. The mint of Mexico has furnished, from 1690 to 1893, more than £293,150,000; and from the discovery of New Spain to the commencement of the nineteenth century, probably £878,800,000, or nearly two-fifths of the entire quantity of gold and silver which, in that interval of time, has flowed from the New Continent into the Old. Three districts of mines, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, and Catorce, which form a central group between the 21° and 24° of latitude, yield nearly the half of all the gold and silver extracted from the mines of New Spain. The vein of Guanajuato alone, richer than the mineral depository of Potosi, furnishes, at an average, 286,000 lbs. troy of silver annually, or a sixth of all the silver which America annually throws into circulation. The single mine of Valenciana, in which the expense of working exceeds £180,000 per annum, has for the last forty years never ceased to yield annually to the proprietors a net profit of more than £120,000: this profit has sometimes amounted to £240,000; and it amounted to £800,000 in the space of a few months for the family of Fagoaga at Sombrerete. The produce of the mines of Mexico has tripled in fifty-two years, and sextupled in a hundred years; and it will admit of greater increase as the country shall become more populous, and industry and information be more diffused.'

Among these mines, that of Valenciana is one of the most valuable, and its history is interesting:—

'The Valenciana is almost the sole example of a mine which for forty years has never yielded less to its proprietors than from £80,000 to £124,000, per annum. It appears that the part of the vein extending from Tepeyac to the north-west, had not been much wrought towards the end of the 16th century. From that period the whole tract remained forsaken till 1760, when a Spaniard who went over very young to America, be-

gan to work this vein in one of the points which had till that time been believed destitute of metals (*emborascado*). M. Obregon (the name of this Spaniard) was without fortune; but, as he had the reputation of being a worthy man, he found friends who from time to time advanced him small sums to carry on his operations. In 1756, the works were already 44 fathoms in depth, and yet the expenses greatly surpassed the value of the metallic produce. With a passion for mining equal to what some men display for gaming, M. Obregon preferred submitting to every sort of privation, to the abandoning his undertaking. In the year 1767 he entered into partnership with a petty merchant of Rayas, of the name of Otero. Could he then hope that in the space of a few years he and his friend would become the richest individuals in Mexico, perhaps in the whole world? In 1768, they began to extract a very considerable quantity of silver minerals from the mine of Valenciana. In proportion as the shafts grew deeper, they approached that region which we have already described as the depository of the great metallic wealth of Guanajuato. In 1771, they drew from the *pertinencia de Dolores* enormous masses of sulphuret of silver, mixed with native and red silver. From that period, till 1804, when I quitted New Spain, the mine of Valenciana has continually yielded an annual produce of more than £583,380. There have been years so productive, that the net profit of the two proprietors of the mine has amounted to about £250,000 sterling.'

The mines of Tasco, like that of Valenciana, have their anecdote; it relates to the singular reverses of M. Laborde:—

'During the year 1752 and the ten following years, the mines of Tasco were wrought with the greatest activity and success. This activity was owing to the enterprising mind of Joseph Laborde, a Frenchman, who came into Mexico very poor, and who, in 1743, acquired immense wealth in the mine of La Canada of the *Real de Tlapujahuá*. We have already alluded to the reverses of fortune several times experienced by this extraordinary man. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him £87,507 sterling, he was reduced to the lowest poverty, by the rapid decline of those very mines, from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 200,000 lbs. troy of silver. The archbishop having given him permission to sell a golden sun enriched with diamonds, with which he had adorned the tabernacle of the church of Tasco, he withdrew to Zacatecas with the produce of this sale, which amounted to £22,000 sterling. The district of mines of Zacatecas was then so entirely neglected, that it scarcely furnished 33,000 lbs. troy of silver annually to the mint at Mexico. Laborde undertook to clear out the famous mine of Quebradilla; in which undertaking he lost [nearly] all his property, without attaining his object. With the small capital which remained to him, he began to work on the *veta grande*, and sunk the pit of La Esperanza; when a second time he acquired immense wealth. The silver produce of the mine of Zacatecas rose then to nearly 330,000 lbs. troy per annum; and, though the abun-

dance of metals did not long continue the same, he left at his death a fortune of nearly £125,000 sterling. He compelled his daughter to enter into a convent, that he might leave his whole fortune to an only son, who afterwards voluntarily embraced the ecclesiastical office.'

Mr. Taylor appears to have made a judicious and well arranged selection from the work of Humboldt, who has treated the subject of the South American mines so amply.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepeg, Lake of the Woods, &c. Performed, in the Year 1823, by Order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the Command of Stephen H. Long, U. S. T. E. Compiled from the Notes of Major Long, Messrs. Say, Keating, and Calhoun. By WILLIAM H. KEATING, A. M. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 842. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THERE are few objects to which states can direct their attention more important than the fitting-out exploratory expeditions, for the sake of making new discoveries, or gaining more authentic information relating to countries but imperfectly known. A few centuries ago, when the naval power of Great Britain was less imposing than at present, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Venetians, were the most successful navigators; but this country has now taken the lead, and has met with coadjutors, for we cannot call them rivals, in countries unknown, or in savage ignorance, when the maritime powers we have named were in their zenith—we allude to Russia and the United States of America. The former has sent more than one vessel to circumnavigate the globe, and extend our hydrographical knowledge; but the latter has chiefly confined itself to exploring the wild tracts of its immense continent: of such a nature was the expedition of which the narrative is now before us.

The successful expeditions of Major Long to the Rocky Mountains, and that of Governor Cass, who explored the southern shore of Lake Superior, to the mouth of Louis River, rendered it desirable to investigate further that vast tract of country which is bounded by the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the northern limits of the United States—a country equal in size to Great Britain, being seven hundred miles long and three hundred miles broad. All the later travellers who visited the Upper Mississippi mention St. Peter's River, which empties itself into the Mississippi at a short distance below the Falls of St. Anthony; but Carver, who compiled the *Universal Traveller*, was the only person that had visited it.

The importance of the British fur-trade, and the commerce of the United States in this part of the country, induced the government of the latter to send out an expedition, with the view of obtaining correct information concerning the country which lies on the St. Peter and the Red River, to the 42th parallel of north latitude, as well as to ascertain the nature of the country along the unsurveyed northern boundary. In order to attain these objects, it was determined by the

government of the United States, in the spring of 1823, that 'an expedition be immediately fitted out for exploring the river St. Peter, and the country situated on the northern boundary of the United States, between the Red River of Hudson's Bay and Lake Superior.' The command of the expedition was given to Major Long, U. S. T. E. (which some of our readers will need to be told means that he was a Major of the United States Topographical Engineers). The major was accompanied by Mr. Say, as zoologist and antiquary; Mr. Keating, as mineralogist and geologist; Mr. Seymour, as landscape-painter; and Mr. J. E. Calhoun, as astronomer and assistant-topographer. To Mr. Keating we are indebted for this narrative of the expedition, which he has compiled with great care from the manuscript notes of the gentlemen who formed it. The work is somewhat bulky, but the traveller who explored a country of which little is known may be excused for his minuteness, when he could not for neglecting to notice anything that was interesting. It is a work well worth printing in this country, for, independent of that common interest which every nation must feel in the progress of discovery, there is an indissoluble (because natural) bond of union between England and the United States, which cannot make them indifferent to each other's prosperity*.

Major Long and his party left Philadelphia on the 30th of April, 1823; and Messrs. Say and Keating, who were appointed literary journalists to the expedition, have faithfully narrated everything interesting that occurred during its progress, particularly the geological and other scientific discoveries that were made. These, though not the most popular, are not the least important parts of the work, and we shall endeavour to diversify our extracts as much as possible. We must not, however, take our readers at once to St. Peter's River or Lake Winnepeek, for, in a new country like America, the intermediate route presents something worthy of notice. In the vicinity of Fort Necessity, we are told,—

'There is a blowing spring, which is situated in an excavation on the side of a hill. The stream of air, which issues from a crack or crevice in the rock, is very considerable, and sufficiently powerful to extinguish a candle. By placing our ears near the crevice, we heard very distinctly the sound of water running under ground, probably upon a rocky and unequal bed; it runs out a short distance lower down. This stream of air is doubtless produced by the same cause which is made to operate in the construction of the water-blasts, used in metallurgy. We had no means of collecting and examining the gas which escapes, but we had no reason to believe it other than atmospheric air.

* It has been too much the custom in this country to rail against the inhabitants of the United States as selfish and illiberal; that these faults, if they really possessed them, are fast wearing away, is evident from the very handsome terms in which the American journals speak of the liberal and enlightened policy of our government in commercial matters.—REV.

In Pennsylvania, the waggon-horses are of immense size:—

'The usual height of farm and waggon horses is about sixteen hands, or five-feet four inches, measured according to the usual custom. We were credibly informed that horses, seventeen, seventeen and a half, and even eighteen hands high, are by no means rare. A few have been known to exceed that size; and we were told that one, the largest ever known in the country, had attained the gigantic size of nineteen hands, or six feet four inches. As a proof of the great strength which they sometimes attain, it is said that an experiment was once tried in the city of Lancaster, which resulted in a single horse's dragging around the court-house, on the bare pavements, without the intervention of wheels or rollers, two tons of bar iron, which had been bundled together for this experiment.'

At Zanesville, in the Ohio, there are extensive iron-works and salt-springs, yielding fifty pounds of salt in a hundred gallons of water. Some of these bores or auger-holes, which are three inches in diameter, are 700 feet deep; and here a singular hoax was played:—

'It was in boring for coal, a few years since, that a deception was practised, which made considerable noise in the country, and produced much mischief in Zanesville and its vicinity. It appears well ascertained, at present, that the silver said to have been found in one of the auger-holes bored on the banks of the river had been thrown in by some evil-minded persons. The pretended discovery induced many to speculate largely upon the mine, before the detection of the plot, whence they incurred great losses; this event occurred in the year 1819.'

At Newark, Major Long and his party fell in with Captain John Cleves Symes, a gentleman who, our readers will recollect, believes the earth to be quite hollow, and to contain a passage to its centre, at the North Pole. Our author says:—

'The partial insanity of this man is of a singular nature; it has caused him to pervert, to the support of an evidently absurd theory, all the facts, which, by close study, he has been enabled to collect from a vast number of authorities. He appears conversant with every work of travels, from Hearne's to Humboldt's; and there is not a fact to be found in these which he does not manage, with considerable ingenuity, to bring to the support of his favourite theory. Upon other subjects he talks sensibly, and as a well-informed man. In listening to his expositions of his views of the concavity of our globe, we felt that interest which is inevitably awakened by the aberrations of an unregulated mind, possessed probably of a capacity too great for the narrow sphere in which it was doomed to act: and which has consumed itself with the fire which, if properly applied, would doubtless have illumined some obscure point in the science which it so strongly affects. In another point of view, Captain Symes has a claim to our best sympathies—for the gallantry with which he served his country during the war.'

In the course of their progress, Major

Long's party discovered the remains of several buildings, which clearly proved that, at the time they were erected, the Indians must have been more advanced in civilization than they were a century or two ago, or a e at present. At Pigua, many interesting antiquities were discovered; but, as we must progress (to use an Americanism), we pass them over. In the state of Ohio, the Indians are rapidly diminishing, their number not exceeding two thousand. At Fort Wayne, which is in the state of Indiana, civilization has degenerated to barbarism:—

'The inhabitants are chiefly of Canadian origin, all more or less imbued with Indian blood. Not being previously aware of the diversity in the character of the inhabitants, the sudden change from an American to a French population has a surprising, and to say the least, an unpleasant effect; for the first twenty-four hours, the traveller fancies himself in a real Babel. The confusion of languages, owing to the diversity of Indian tribes which generally collect near a fort, is not removed by an intercourse with their half-savage interpreters. The business of a town of this kind differs so materially from that carried on in our cities, that it is almost impossible to fancy ourselves still within the same territorial limits; but the disgust which we entertain at the degraded condition in which the white man, the descendant of the European, appears, is perhaps the strongest sensation which we experience; it absorbs all others. To see a being in whom, from his complexion and features, we should expect to find the same feelings which swell in the bosom of every refined man, throwing off his civilized habits to assume the garb of a savage, has something which partakes of the ridiculous as well as the disgusting. The awkward and constrained appearance of those Frenchmen who had exchanged their usual dress for the breech-cloth and blanket, was as risible as that of the Indian who assumed the tight body-coat of the white men. The feelings which we experienced while beholding a little Canadian stooping down to pack up and weigh the hides which an Indian had brought for sale, while the latter stood in an erect and commanding posture, were of a mixed and certainly not of a favourable nature. At each unusual motion made by the white man, his dress, which he had not properly secured, was disturbed, and, while engaged in restoring it to his proper place, he was the butt of the jokes and gibes of a number of squaws and Indian boys, who seemed already to be aware of the vast difference which exists between them and the Canadian fur-dealer. The village is exclusively supported by the fur-trade, and will probably continue to thrive as long as the Indians remain in any number in this vicinity.'

During the late war, Fort Wayne was besieged for some time by the Indians, and a few men were killed on both sides:—

'The garrison having made resistance, the Indians cut a log into the form of a field-piece, painted it black, and placed it on one of the heights within gunshot of the fort; they then summoned the garrison to surrender. Although aware that all resistance

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against artillery would be vain, the officer in command refused to comply with the summons. The Indians, finding their *ruse de guerre* to be unsuccessful, razed the siege.

At Fort Wayne, the expedition met with some Indian chiefs, of the Potawatomi tribe, of whom an interesting account is given; but we should have been better pleased, had more sympathy been manifested for these children of the forest, or if the memory of Tecumseh, whose only crime, in the estimation of the Americans, is, that he took part with the British, had not been insulted. According to the accounts of previous travellers, and which Major Long and his party rather confirm than contradict, the Potawatomi Indians are cannibals:—

'The motives which impel them to cannibalism are various: in some cases it is produced by a famine over the country, and of this we shall be able to cite a number of well-attested instances, some of which carry with them very horrible features, when we treat of the Chippewa tribes, west of Lake Superior. Another, and a more frequent cause, is the desire of venting their rage upon a defeated enemy, or a belief that, by so doing, they acquire a charm that will make them irresistible. It is a common superstition with them, that he that tastes of the body of a brave man acquires a part of his valour, and that, if he can eat of his heart, which by them is considered as the seat of all courage, the share of bravery which he derives from it is still greater. It matters not whether the foe be a white man or an Indian; provided he be an enemy, it is all that is required. Mr. Barron has seen the Potawatomis, with the hands and limbs both of white men and Cherokees, which they were about to devour.

'It is well attested, that one of the officers attached to General Harmer's command was taken prisoner by the Miamis previously to the defeat of the whole army, and tortured by them in the most cruel and unrelenting manner for three days, on the west bank of the Maumee. The Indians declared that he had behaved with a remarkable degree of fortitude. Pieces of flesh were cut off from his body, roasted, and eaten by them in the presence of the agonized victim. No exclamation or groan could be drawn from the intrepid prisoner, until a squaw thrust a burning brand into his privates, when he was heard to exclaim, "Oh my God!" A young Indian warrior then declared that the prisoner, having proved himself a brave man, should no longer be kept in agony, and put a period to his sufferings by despatching him with his tomahawk.

'One of the best-attested instances is that of Captain Wells, who was killed after the capture of Chicago in 1812. This man, who had been a long time among the Indians, having been taken prisoner by them at the age of thirteen, had acquired a great reputation for courage; and his name is still mentioned as that of the bravest white man with whom they ever met. He had almost become one of their number, and had united himself to a descendant of Little Turtle. At the commencement of hostilities between

Britain and the United States, he sided with his own countrymen, while the Indians of this vicinity all passed into the British service. When the fort was afterwards besieged by the united Indians, Captain Wells was there, having arrived just two days before with the orders from General Hull for the evacuation of the post. Wells was killed after the action, his body was divided, and his heart was shared, as being the most certain spell for courage, and part of it was sent to the various tribes in alliance with the Potawatomis, while they themselves feasted upon the rest.'

Mr. Keating gives a curious and interesting picture of Indian manners; but this is a subject on which we have inserted so much in former numbers, that we may be spared unnecessarily loading our columns with similar details, beyond a single extract:—

'They have professed midwives, who are paid for their attendance; these are principally old women. Men are never allowed to assist at the delivery of a woman. A general opinion has prevailed that all Indian women bathed in cold water immediately after parturition. This is, however, extremely incorrect; the practice exists among the Sioux or Dacotas, and among many other nations, but we very much question whether any nation of Algonquin origin practises it. The Potawatomi women are very careful not to expose themselves to cold after child-birth, and do not bathe for ten days, unless the weather be very warm. The placenta not being always expelled naturally, they have recourse to a strong medicinal draught; it is stated that, if it should remain for several days, the husband takes his wife upon his shoulders, and carries her about for some time; the motion is said to assist in its expulsion. Mothers always nurse their children, and continue to suckle them for a great length of time, in some instances for three, four, or more years, if no subsequent pregnancy occur; in one case a mother was observed suckling a child twelve years of age. When the mother's milk fails, the child is fed with an extract of sweet maize in boiling water, and medicines are administered to renew secretion. Metea had never heard of a total failure of a woman's milk while nursing her child: during a temporary interruption of it, they sometimes commit children to the care of a friend.'

Mr. Keating refutes the assertion of Mr. Schoolcraft, as to the fertility of the country about Fort Dearborn (Chicago), in the Illinois, and says as a proof of its sterility, 'with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, consisting of from seventy to ninety men, to subsist upon the grain raised in the country, although much of their time was devoted to agricultural pursuits.'

(To be continued.)

PARRY'S LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.

(Concluded from p. 291.)

THE more we read of the last days of that highly-gifted individual, Lord Byron, of whom the country and the age may justly be proud, the more are we convinced that, with

better medical aid and more judicious colleagues in the sacred cause of liberating Greece, he might have been saved. Mr. Parry clearly shows us that his lordship suffered from extreme debility, brought on by his anxiety and the disappointment of his hopes in respect to Greece; and it is beyond all doubt that his medical attendants had no suspicion of the true nature of his disease, until it was too late. This is the most painful circumstance connected with his lamented death, an event which occurred on the 19th of April, and appears to have been foreseen for some days by his lordship and Mr. Parry, though the medical attendants denied that his disease was dangerous. On the 15th of April, Mr. Parry sat with his lordship from seven till ten o'clock, and conversed with him on a variety of subjects:—

'He spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure, and, though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from anything I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

"Parry," he said, when first I went to him, "I have much wished to see you to-day. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected, I am sure I am in my senses, but a melancholy will creep over me at times." The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. "My wife! my Ada! my country! the situation of this place, my removal impossible, and perhaps death, all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner, and, when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America. To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy, I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do, and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be everything to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm."

'Then adverting to his more immediate attendants, he said: "I have closely observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible: you

may prevent me being jaded to death, and, when I recover, I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep: I have not slept, and I can't imagine why they should tell you I was asleep.

"You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive—none but God—on him I rely."

The next day, and on the 17th, Lord Byron was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious; and hence, as Mr. Parry says, it is improper to give the incoherent observations he made, as his death-bed opinions. On the 18th, Mr. Parry again saw him, and thus relates his interview:—

"When he took my hand, I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita, I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them; and I also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of *Ah Christ!* He bore the loosening of the band passively; and, after it was loosened, he shed tears. I encouraged him to weep, and said, "My lord, I thank God, I hope you will now be better; shed as many tears as you can, you will sleep and find ease." He replied faintly, "Yes, the pain is gone, I shall sleep now," and he again took my hand, uttered a faint good night, and sank into a slumber; my heart ached, but I thought then his sufferings were over, and that he would wake no more.

"He did wake again, however, and I went to him; Byron knew me, though scarcely. He had then less of alienation about him than I had seen for some time before; there was the calmness of resignation, but there was also the stupor of death. He tried to utter his wishes, but he was incapable; he said something about rewarding his Italian servant, and uttered several incoherent words. There was either no meaning in what he said, or it was such a meaning as we should not expect at that moment. His eyes continued open only a short time, and then, about six o'clock in the evening of the 18th, he sank into a slumber, or rather, I should say, a stupor, and woke and knew no more.

"He continued in a state of complete insensibility for twenty-four hours; giving no other signs of life, but that rattling in his

throat, which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April 19th, at six o'clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased—Lord Byron was dead.

"At the very time Lord Byron died, there was one of the most awful thunder-storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or, as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, "The great man is gone!" On the present occasion, it was too true; and the storm was so violent, as to strengthen their superstitious belief. Their friend and benefactor was indeed dead."

Whatever spleen Byron may have sometimes manifested in regard to England, we feel convinced that he might truly have adopted the words of another poet,—"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;" indeed, a stronger proof of his affection for his native land cannot be adduced than by his own expressed wish to Mr. Parry, to be buried in England: he was, we are persuaded, what Mr. Parry observes, in his heart an Englishman, and warmly and deeply attached to his country. Mr. Parry is a straightforward, blunt, and John-Bullish sort of a gentleman as we ever met with, and Byron, perceiving this, sometimes teased him. On one occasion, Mr. Parry contended that none but Englishmen ever shed a tear at witnessing distress or hearing a pathetic tale. Byron said he was an Englishman, and yet quite unaccustomed to shed tears on such occasions,—an assertion which Mr. P. doubted, and, as will be seen, justly:—

"On one occasion, he had saved twenty-four Turkish women and children from slavery and all its accompanying horrors. I was summoned to attend him and receive his orders, that everything should be done which might contribute to their comfort. He was seated on a cushion at the upper end of the room, the women and children were standing before him, with their eyes fixed steadily on him, and on his right hand was his interpreter, who was extracting from the women a narrative of their sufferings. One of them, apparently about thirty years of age, possessing great vivacity, and whose manners and dress, though she was then dirty and disfigured, indicated that she was superior in rank and condition to her companions, was spokeswoman for the whole. I admired the good order the others preserved, never interfering with the explanation or interrupting the single speaker. I also admired the rapid manner in which the interpreter explained everything they said, so as to make it almost appear that there was but one speaker.

"After a short time, it was evident that what Lord Byron was hearing affected his feelings: his countenance changed, his colour went and came, and I thought he was ready to weep. But he had on all occasions a ready and peculiar knack in turning conversation from any disagreeable or unpleasant subject; and he had recourse to this expedient. He rose up suddenly, and, turning round on his heel, as was his wont, he said something quickly to his interpreter, who im-

mediately repeated it to the women. All eyes were instantly fixed on me, and one of the party, a young and beautiful woman, spoke very warmly. Lord Byron seemed satisfied, and said they might retire. The women all slipped off their shoes in an instant, and going up to his lordship, each in succession, accompanied by their children, kissed his hand fervently, invoked, in the Turkish manner, a blessing both on his head and heart, and then quitted the room. This was too much for Lord Byron, and he turned his face away to conceal his emotion. When he had recovered a little, I reminded him of our conversation, and I told him I had caught him at last. Addressing me in the sort of sea slang I sometimes talked to him, and which he liked to repeat, he replied,—"You are right, old boy; you have got me in the bunt—I am an Englishman."

Byron appears to have known the Greeks better than most travellers who have written on the subject, and did not entertain the visionary ideas many have professed as to their liberation; he saw the dissensions of the Greeks, and acknowledged that they were little better than the Turks. He expressed his determination to devote his income and his personal exertions to Greece; and, when she was safe from her external enemies, he intended to go to the United States, and induce that republic to recognise its independence, under a federal government, which he thought best suited to the country.

We are now approaching a somewhat delicate point to touch upon, as Moll Flagon says,—it is the ninth chapter of Mr. Parry's book, in which he attacks the Greek Committee with great severity, but in language by no means elegant or even strictly grammatical. We do not, however, name this as a fault. Our author is a plain English sailor, more accustomed to the sword than the pen; and we consider the very slovenliness of style of his work an evidence of its genuineness. According to Mr. Parry, Lord Byron complains of Mr. Blaquiere's want of politeness; Mr. B. ought to be satisfied that he is not suffering under a more grievous accusation. Alluding to the Greek Committee, he says,—

"I am a plain man, and cannot comprehend the use of printing-presses to a people who do not read. Here the committee have sent supplies of maps, I suppose, that I may teach the young mountaineers geography. Here are bugle-horns, without bugle-men, and it is a chance if we can find any body in Greece to blow them. Books are sent to a people who want guns; they ask for a sword, and the committee give them the lever of a printing-press. Heaven! one would think the committee meant to inculcate patience and submission, and to condemn resistance. Some materials for constructing fortifications they have sent, but they have chosen their people so ill, that the work is deserted, and not one *para* have they sent to procure other labourers.

"Their secretary, Mr. Bowring, was disposed, I believe, to claim the privileges of an acquaintance with me. He wrote me a long letter, about the classic land of freedom, the

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birth-place of the arts, the cradle of genius, the habitation of the gods, the heaven of poets, and a great many such fine things. I was obliged to answer him, and I scrawled some nonsense in reply to his nonsense; but I fancy I shall get no more such epistles. When I came to the conclusion of the poetry part of my letter, I wrote, "so much for blarney, now for business." I have not since heard in the same strain from Mr. Bowring.

Here, too, is the chief agent of the committee, Colonel Stanhope, organizing the whole country. He leaves nothing untouched, from the general government to the schools for children. He has a plan for organizing the military force, for establishing posts, for regulating the administration of justice, for making Mr. Bentham the apostle of the Greeks, and for whipping little boys, in the newest and most approved mode. He is for doing all this, without a reference to any body, or any thing; complains bitterly of a want of practical statesmen in Greece, and would be glad, I believe, to import a large supply of Mr. Bentham's books and scholars. Mavrocordato he openly beards, as if the prince knew nothing of Greece, and was quite incapable of forming a correct opinion of its interests. At the same time, he has no funds to carry all his projects into execution. He is a mere schemer and talker, more of a saint than a soldier; and, with a great deal of pretended plainness, a mere politician, and no patriot.

His printer and publisher, Dr. Meyler, is a German adventurer, who is quite in a rage with the Quakers, for sending medicines to Greece. He knows nothing of either the Greek or the English language; and, if he did, who would buy his paper? The Greeks have no money, and will not read newspapers for ages to come. There is no communication with different parts of the country; there is no means of receiving any news; and no means of sending it, when got. Stanhope begins at the wrong end, and from observing that, in our wealthy and civilized country, rapid communication is one means of improvement, he wants to establish posts—mail-carts, I believe, is his object, among a people who have no food. Communication, though a cause of increased wealth and increased civilization, is the result of a certain degree of both; and he would have it without the means. He is like all political jobbers, who mistake the accessories of civilization for its cause; they think if they only hoist the colours of freedom, they will immediately transform a crazy water-logged bark into a proud man-of-war.

Of Colonel Gordon, however, Lord Byron speaks very differently; he says the Greek business would form matter for a hundred cantos of Don Juan, and declared that Jeremy Bentham and Colonel Stanhope should be two of his heroes. Byron entertained a good opinion of Sir Francis Burdett, as the firm friend of liberty. "You'll never find him," said Byron, "or such a man as he is, stepping into the office of chairman, auditor, or cashier, by means of petty contributions. He does not provide for his family and dependents by thrusting them into offices, while he covers his

attacks on the public purse by the cloak of patriotism."

Mr. Parry was invited to an audience with Jeremy Bentham, an honour for which it appears Mr. Bowring sighed two years; although, we think, a man possessing the talents of the latter gentleman, might, without any charge of presumption, have called and seen the old proser any day, without an introduction. "Who the devil is Mr. Bentham," said Mr. Parry, when told of the honour Jeremy intended him, for he was quite unacquainted even with the name of the constitution-monger. This old gentleman, who runs in the street like the porter of an evening newspaper, breakfasts at three o'clock, and dines at half-past ten, which is sufficient evidence to us, that he is either cracked or a most affected and silly old man. Mr. Parry was invited to breakfast with the Queen-Square legislator, by Mr. Bowring, and, as the hour was not fixed, was at Mr. Bentham's by eight o'clock, that is to say, just seven hours before that at which Mr. B. takes his first meal, so that our author was obliged to breakfast with the clerks. Mr. Bentham then led Mr. Parry a sort of steeple-chace through the streets of London, and afterwards asked him to dinner; "but," says Mr. P., "I was not to be again taken in by the philosopher's meal hours, so, laying in a stock of provisions, I went at his dining-hour, half-past ten o'clock, and supped with him."

Returning to Lord Byron, we find Mr. Parry relating many interesting conversations he had with his lordship, on a variety of subjects; for these we shall refer our readers to the work itself, only quoting some observations on his domestic affairs. One day Lord Byron said,—

"What do they say of my family affairs in England, Parry? My story, I suppose, like other minor events, interested the people for a day, and was then forgotten?" I replied, no; I thought, owing to the very great interest the public took in him, it was still remembered and talked about. I mentioned that it was generally supposed a difference of religious sentiments between him and Lady Byron had caused the public breach. "No, Parry," was the reply; "Lady Byron has a liberal mind, particularly as to religious opinions; and I wish, when I married her, that I had possessed the same command over myself that I now do. Had I possessed a little more wisdom, and more forbearance, we might have been happy. I wished, when I was first married, to have remained in the country, particularly till my pecuniary embarrassments were over. I knew the society of London; I knew the characters of many of those who are called ladies, with whom Lady Byron would necessarily have to associate, and I dreaded her contact with them; but I have too much of my mother about me to be dictated to; I like freedom from constraint; I hate artificial regulations; my conduct has always been dictated by my own feelings, and Lady Byron was quite the creature of rules. She was not permitted either to ride, or run, or walk, but as the physician prescribed. She was not suffered to go out when I wished to go; and then

the old house was a mere ghost-house; I dreamed of ghosts, and thought of them waking. It was an existence I could not support."

Mr. Parry is very anxious to defend the character of Lord Byron from the attacks of Colonel Stanhope, which we think quite unnecessary: the latter was a domineering driveller in Greece; the former, her best and sincerest friend. The one gave his whole fortune and his time without calculation; the other kept a record of every shilling he laid out, in order to exhibit a bill of his expenses to the world, trivial as they were. Byron was the friend of Greece; Colonel Stanhope wished to be a dictator there, and even had the impertinence to nominate the members of the government. Colonel Stanhope also attacked Mr. Parry, who, however, defends himself stoutly, and brings other accusations than those of incompetence and a perversion of facts against the would-be regenerator of Greece. The charge of mismanagement against the Greek Committee in London, we leave that body to settle. Mr. Parry seems a blunt and honourable man, and, as men should be what they seem, we are inclined to place much reliance on his statements, however much they may be at variance with those of preceding writers on the same subject. The earnest friendship he manifests towards Lord Byron, in vindicating his memory, is honourable to him, and was due to the character of his lordship; his account of the last few months of the noble lord's life is a melancholy but deeply interesting narrative; the style is plain and inartificial, but there are a few errors of the press which should not have been suffered; these, however, are trifles compared to the sterling value of the work, which is embellished with four coloured engravings,—of Lord Byron and his favourite dog, Lion,—his lordship's house at Missolonghi,—Lord Byron on his death-bed,—and his lordship attended by his Suliote guards.

Poems, by JOHN WILSON. In two volumes. A New Edition. 12mo. pp. 767. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood.

Few persons, on seeing so modest a title-page, would suspect the author to be a poet of considerable eminence, and holding an office so important as that of professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; yet such is really the case. Less distinguished men would have accompanied their names with a long string of letters in small capitals, to assume an importance their talents never could give them; but real merit is generally modest. Such of our readers as have kept together with us in our chivalry during our six years' labours, will know that we rarely notice second editions; and all of them must be aware that the critical world and public opinion have long ago decided on Mr. Wilson's talents, and placed him in a high rank among the living poets of the day. The *Isle of Palms*, published about a dozen years ago, gained him this reputation, which his *City of the Plague*, appearing some four or five years after, confirmed. Both these poems appear in the new edition of Professor

Wilson's works, together with his miscellaneous poems, and many which did not appear in the former editions. From these we shall make our extracts, for we cannot suppose our readers to be unacquainted with the former productions of the author. To great felicity in the choice of subject, Mr. Wilson adds a vigorous description and an easy versification. With these remarks, we shall quote two of his poems, *The Widow*, and *Lines written in a Highland Glen* :—

‘THE WIDOW.

‘The courtly hall is gleaming bright
With fashion's graceful throng—
All hearts are chain'd in still delight,
For like the heaven-borne voice of night
Breathes Handel's sacred song.
Nor on my spirit melts in vain
The deep—the wild—the mournful strain
That fills the echoing hall
(Though many a calous soul be there)
With sighs and sobs and cherished pain—
—While on a face, as seraphs fair,
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

‘Not those the tears that smiling flow
As fancied sorrow bleeds,
Like dew upon the rose's glow;
—That lady 'mid the glittering show
Is cloth'd in widow's weeds.
She sits in reverie profound,
And drinks and lives upon the sound,
As if she ne'er would wake!
Her clos'd eyes cannot hold the tears
That tell what dreams her soul have bound—
In memory they of other years
For a dead husband's sake.

‘Methinks her inmost soul lies spread
Before my tearful sight—
A garden whose best flowers are dead,
A sky still fair, though darkened
With hues of lingering light.
I see the varying feelings chase
Each other o'er her pallid face,
From shade to deepest gloom.
She thinks on living objects dear,
And pleasure lends a cheerful grace;
But, oh! that look so dim and drear,
—Her heart is in the tomb.

‘Rivalling the tender crescent moon,
The star of evening shines—
A warm, still balmy night of June,
Low murmuring with a fitful tune
From yonder grove of pines.
In the silence of that starry sky,
Exchanging vows of constancy,
Two happy lovers stray.
—To her how sad and strange! to know,
In darkness while the phantoms fade,
That one a widow'd wretch is now,
The other in the clay.

‘A wilder gleam disturbs her eye.
Oh! hush the deep'ning strain!
And must the youthful warrior die?
A gorgeous funeral passes by,
The dead-march stuns her brain.
The singing voice she hears no more,
Across his grave the thunders roar!
How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

‘But far away in cloud and mist
The ghastly vision swims.
—Unto that dying cadence list!

She thinks the voices of the bless'd
Now chant their evening hymns.
O for a dove's unwearied wing,
That she might fly where angels sing
Around the judgment-seat;
That spirit pure to kiss again,
And smile at earthly sorrowing!
Wash'd free from ev'ry mortal stain,
At Jesus' blessed feet.

‘How longs her spirit to recall
That prayer so vain and wild!
For, idly-wandering round the hall,
Her eyes are startled as they fall
On her own beauteous child.
Gazing on one so good and fair,
Less mournful breathes that holy air,
And almost melts to mirth:
Pleas'd will she sojourn here awhile,
And see, beneath her pious care,
In heaven's most gracious sunshine smile
The sweetest flower on earth.

‘The song dies 'mid the silent strings,
And the hall is now alive
With a thousand gay and fluttering things;
—The noise to her a comfort brings,
Her heart and soul revive.
With solemn pace and loving pride
She walks by her fair daughter's side,
Who views with young delight
The gaudy sparkling revelry,—
Unconscious that from far and wide
On her is turn'd each charmed eye—
—The beauty of the night!

‘A spirit she! and Joy her name!
She walks upon the air;
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,
And glistens like a lambent flame
Amid her golden hair.
Her eyes are of the heavenly blue,
A cloudless twilight bathed in dew;
The blushes on her cheek,
Like the roses of the vernal year
That lend the virgin snow their hue—
—And oh! what pure delight to hear
The gentle vision speak!

‘Yet dearer than that rosy glow
To me yon cheek so wan;
Lovely I thought it long ago,
But lovelier far now blanch'd with woe,
Like the breast-down of the swan.
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—
Hang on the witchcraft of her tongue,
Wild-murmuring, like the lute.
On thee, O lady! let me gaze,
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung;
But I hear the voice of other days,
Though these pale lips be mute.

‘Lovely thou art! yet none may dare
That placid soul to move.
Most beautiful thy braided hair,
But awful holiness breathes there,
Unmeet for earthly love.
More touching far than deep distress,
Thy smiles of languid happiness,
That, like the gleams of even,
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play.
—Thus at the silent hour we bless,
Unmindful of the joyous day,
The still sad face of Heaven.

‘LINES WRITTEN IN AN HIGHLAND GLEN.

‘To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent,—as infant at the breast,—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

‘The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

‘O! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

‘There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time!

‘And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

‘Yea! long as nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,—
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!’

Practical Chemical Mineralogy; or, Concise and Easy Methods, illustrated by Experiment, for readily ascertaining the Nature and Value of the different Metallic Ores and other Mineral Substances, as comprehended in their Assay, Analysis, Reduction, &c. By FREDERICK JOYCE, Operative Chemist, &c. 12mo. pp. 376. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

At no period in the history of the progress of human knowledge have the arts and sciences been so extensively studied and cultivated as at present; they now commingle not only with the necessities but the elegancies of life, and almost form a part of universal education. They are frequently the delight of the titled and the affluent and the support of the humble. Nor is it any particular branch of science or the arts, the knowledge of which is thus widely diffused; we know more than one gentleman extremely skilful in turning, and one of the highest rank among our nobility, the present Duke of Northumberland, is not only a good theoretical, but a good practical chemist.

On the importance of chemical mineralogy it is unnecessary to dwell, when we consider that beneath the surface of the British isles is found the greater portion of all the more valuable metals used in our manufactures. Every person, therefore, who possesses a rood of land cannot be indifferent to the known or unknown productions it may possess; and to gentlemen having estates the study may not only prove highly useful but entertaining.

Mr. Joyce, who is an able practical chemist, and is frequently called to analyse mineral substances, has, in the volume before us, given us an excellent manual of chemical mineralogy, which forms a suitable and almost indispensable companion to the mineralogical chest, or portable laboratory. The

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work commences with some preliminary observations, explaining the general use of the different instruments employed in the chemical examination of mineral substances: the author then points out the nature of the various tests, or re-agents, their mode of action, &c., the different properties of ores, and the various processes of analysing them. After treating the subject thus generally, Mr. Joyce notices the various species of ores separately, illustrating his remarks by experiments, the whole written in a clear and intelligible manner, which will adapt the work to the capacity of individuals who are unacquainted with the subject. Our readers will readily conceive, that a work like Mr. Joyce's cannot be judged of by any extracts we can make, and, therefore, if we make one, it is rather to show the style of the author than to illustrate the truth of our remarks. The following are Mr. Joyce's observations on the diamond:—

'The first variety of carbon, or the diamond, may be distinguished from most other gems by its greater specific gravity, which is generally 3.5. In its native or rough state, it is usually found coated with a thin crust, which produces a slight opacity, and would lead to the idea of its being semi-transparent only; but, when this is removed, it is nearly equal in that respect to rock crystal. Diamonds are found of various colours, black, blue, red, light yellow, &c. but the colourless variety, which is also of the most frequent occurrence, is the most esteemed; next to which are those containing the greatest depth of colour, as the black, blue, &c. The primitive form of the diamond is a regular octahedron; but it is often found in that of the dodecahedron and the quadrangular prism, with diedral summits. Diamonds are met with in the Ghauts, from Bengal to Cape Comorin; but are principally obtained in the tract between Golconda and Mazulipatam. They are also occasionally brought from Borneo and the district of Serro Dofrio, in Brazil, where they are imbedded in a ferruginous sand.

'To ascertain whether any specimen is a true diamond or not, a fine file may be used; if the surface of the stone is in the least abraded, or scratched by its action, it is not a diamond. The difference will also appear, upon close examination, without this instrument: the rays of light easily pass through any other gems, but in the diamond they are refracted to the surface, which occasions that superior brilliancy to what is possessed by any other stones. If the specimen under examination be very minute, it may be placed between two half crowns, or other flat metallic surfaces, and pressed with the thumb and finger: if a diamond, it will not be injured, but, if otherwise, it will break and fall to powder.

'On account of the extreme hardness of the diamond, the art of cutting and polishing it was for a long time unknown in this country, when a foreigner, of the name of Louis de Berquin, in 1456, is said to have constructed a polishing-wheel for the purpose, which was fed with diamond-powder instead of corundum, which the Chinese employ.

Berquin was led to this experiment by observing the action produced by rubbing two rough diamonds together. Diamond-powder is now used not only for this stone, but for cutting and polishing many others, particularly where a delicate effect is wanted, as in seal-engraving.

'Diamonds are seldom found larger than a hazel-nut, and from that down to a very minute size; one half their bulk is also afterwards lost in the cutting and polishing. The largest diamonds are in the possession of the different crowned heads: that belonging to the Emperor of Russia being supposed to be the largest in existence. The value of cut diamonds is as the square of their weights: thus, if the value of one weighing one carat, or four grains, is worth £8, that of two carats is worth £32; of three carats, £72; consequently, according to this rule, a cut diamond of one hundred carats would be worth £80,000. But, after a certain size of about twenty carats, the value does not increase in this ratio, probably, from the difficulty of finding purchasers for them.

'As the diamond is supposed to be pure carbon, and as such is at present classed among the simple bodies, no analysis can be given: but the following experiments will tend to show its true nature.

'Experiment 1.—If a small diamond is placed in a clean wrought-iron tube, and this again, after being stopped air-tight, either by welding together the open end, or, what is better, with a stopper made to fit accurately by grinding, is placed in a furnace and urged to a good red heat, that part of the iron on which the diamond rested will have been changed into steel, or caburet of iron, whilst the diamond itself will have disappeared.'

The second experiment we shall not give, since such of our readers as are rich enough to possess diamonds cannot want the means of purchasing Mr. Joyce's work, which we cordially recommend.

HOLMAN'S TRAVELS THROUGH RUSSIA, POLAND, &c.

(Concluded from p. 293.)

WE resume the entertaining volumes of Mr. Holman with full confidence that our readers will peruse with pleasure the narrative of a traveller so intelligent, and so peculiarly interesting on account of his loss of sight. Among the points in which Russia differs from England, the scarcity of medical men in the former country is named; now we are sure this might easily be remedied from the superabundance of practitioners in England and Scotland, if not from the list of applicants to be army and navy surgeons alone. From the doctors we pass to a funeral (no uncommon transition) in Siberia:—

'As soon as the person has expired, men are hired to read prayers continually over the body, until the period of interment arrives; and for this purpose priests are not necessary: cooks are also put into immediate requisition to prepare the funeral feast. When the melancholy day arrives, the relatives and friends of the deceased, attended by numerous priests, assemble in the room where the body is laid, which is then, after a

short prayer, accompanied by the burning of incense, carried in procession to the church, where the funeral service is performed, after which it is conveyed to its last earthly abode. The party now return to the residence of the deceased, where, after a repetition of prayer and the burning of incense, they sit down to a sumptuous dinner, from which many of them, particularly the clerical gentlemen, frequently retire in a state of inebriation. This *mournful festivity*, however, is not confined to the higher department of the family: the servants and poor are entertained with dinner, spirits, tea, &c. in the kitchen and offices, and it is by no means unusual, on the succeeding morning, to find a variety of napkins, knives, spoons, or other articles, missing. On the fourteenth, twentieth, and fortieth days from the decease, a similar dinner is given, and also at the end of the sixth and twelfth month; and, if the friends are opulent, they are expected to send donations of money to the convent, and all the churches, prisons, hospitals, and alms-houses, together with provisions to the three latter; and which are to be repeated on the various dinner-days above mentioned.'

At Irkoutsk Mr. Holman was so complaisant to an old lady, as to allow an experiment to be made on his eyes, at the shrine of her patron saint, Inakenti, whose character, it appears, was not the best in the world. Mr. H. says—

'I was afterwards informed that this holy man had once been appointed to an embassy to China, but, being much addicted to tippling, his excellency the ambassador, fearful that he would disgrace his suite, contrived to drop him on the road as bishop of this place, where he died in 1731, and was buried at the Monastery Vosresenskoi, which being afterwards destroyed by fire, with the exception of a small chapel, in which his remains had been deposited, and which were discovered in a dry unputrescent state, the fluids having all evaporated, the circumstance was regarded as miraculous, and he was consequently canonized. In 1804 his remains were disinterred, and placed in this magnificent shrine, the pious gift of a shopkeeper of Irkoutsk, who expended twelve thousand silver roubles on the occasion, and they are now the veneration of the country, thousands flocking annually, on the anniversary of his disinterment, to offer their devotions to them.'

Mr. Holman passed Christmas Day in Siberia:—

'On this day the priests visit every house in their respective parishes, the leader of the procession bearing in his hand the holy cross, and acquaint the master of the family that Christ is born. The return made to these congratulations constitutes one of the principal sources of subsistence to the lower orders of the clergy; it may truly be termed a beggarly mode of subsisting.

'The time intermediate to Christmas and Lent is generally a season of mirth and enjoyment amongst the Russians; they not only visit more frequently than usual, but amuse themselves with a variety of exhibitions and games; in particular, puppets are carried to the different houses, representing

the birth of our Saviour attended by angels, as well as other scriptural pieces: these are exhibited as moving on wires, and accompanied by hymns and music. Many of the inhabitants divert themselves by visiting their acquaintances under the disguise of masks, when they participate in any amusement that may be going forward. There are, also, both public and private balls and theatricals.

We have already noticed that the Russian government would not permit our traveller to proceed to Kamschatka as he wished, but hurried him out of the country, to his great mortification or disappointment. Among the natural curiosities in Siberia—

'The grotto of Balagansk, a hundred and eighty versts from Irkoutsk and about seven versts from the town of that name, is a very interesting natural curiosity. Its entrance is formed by a rock that rises seventy feet perpendicular, and is about a hundred and eighty in width, and of such form as to have the appearance from a distance of a large edifice in ruins. The aperture consists of three large fissures; these lead into three separate galleries, which, after running a length of one thousand and fifty feet, unite at the commencement of the principal cavern, that then extends itself for the distance of two versts, after which all further progress is impeded by immense masses of ice.

'Not less interesting are the ruins of a mountain near the Angara, at the distance of a hundred and sixty-five versts from Irkoutsk, and which fell down on the 20th of March, 1820, with a noise resembling thunder, accompanied (as the Bratsky who witnessed the phenomenon report) by smoke and flame visible in the horizon.'

Lord Byron says, the 'cold in clime are cold in heart,' but this does not appear to be the case in Siberia, where the virtues of hospitality are much cherished:—

'It is an old observation, that the greater the degree of civilization a country has attained, the less genuine is its principle of hospitality; since forms and ceremonies take the place of the natural feelings, and that warmth of soul which welcomes the stranger and the destitute: in Siberia, however, I could not but remark, that there was a greater combination of these contrary principles than I had elsewhere observed. Its inhabitants do not merely present their visitor with the ordinary and cheaply-purchased necessities of life, the productions of their immediate soil, but the expensive luxuries of distant countries are accumulated for his use, and lavished upon him in profusion.'

Mr. Holman says—

'Nothing can be more simple than the manner in which the ordinary peasant lives: in the morning he takes his soup or milk, with a large slice of bread; sour cabbage-soup, with meat in it, or fish-soup with bread, serves him for dinner; his supper is a repetition of the dinner; and thus he subsists for the day. The richer peasants, however, enjoy various luxuries, as tea, both in the morning and evening, and a piece of roast meat in addition to their soup at dinner. If a traveller can be content with such fare, he may make his way throughout Sibe-

ria, *formâ pauperis*, without money. Not that we are to suppose the peasants of this country insensible to the value of money; for, as there is a brandy-shop in every village, to which they are fond of paying their devotions, and as the door of its *sanctum sanctorum* is only unlocked by money, they are quite alive to the advantages of possessing this indispensable master-key.'

Mr. Holman returned *via* Moscow, where he was placed under strict surveillance, and not suffered to remain in the city. At St. Petersburg Mr. H. was told the following singular anecdote:—

'Two gentlemen had contracted a bitter and irreconcilable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty-four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a colour to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with a view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when, to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was enabled to move off in its shroud and regain its master's habitation, which it entered, to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, they were re-assured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act, and he was consequently arraigned before the senate.'

As we have accompanied Mr. Holman through the less-travelled countries, we shall take our leave of him with quoting only two or three short passages. At Berlin he visited the general hospital, where there are one hundred and fifty lunatics:—

'The greater part of these unfortunates were occupied in, and apparently much amused by, what children would call "playing at soldiers," being practised with wooden muskets, in the various de ails of the manual and platoon exercise. One of them, a French count, went through the various motions with as much attention and subordination as if he had never held a higher rank than that of a common soldier.

'In this institution the following machines are used in the treatment of the more violent cases, and, as the keeper assured us, with the happiest effects. One consists of a box, somewhat resembling a pulpit, in which the patient is placed in an erect position, and which, acting on a pivot, is then whirled round with great velocity; during the great-

est momentum of which the whole is suddenly stopped, so as to produce an indescribable impression, or shock, on the cerebral circulation of the individual subjected to its motion.

'One of the results is vomiting, which is said to operate powerfully in lessening the violence of the maniacal paroxysm. The other machine is a horizontal bed or sofa, in which the patient is also moved round with inconceivable rapidity, the feet forming the centre of revolution; after which the motion is suddenly arrested, as with the former instrument.

'The above treatment is said also to be efficacious in the restoration of speech, muscular motion, and digestive power, when lost in consequence of paralysis.

At Bremen Mr. Holman went over the celebrated Wine-Cellar, and the Lead-Cellar, so called on account of the lead used for the cathedral having formerly been placed in it:—

'It has the singular property of preserving from decay, or decomposition, any animal matter that is deposited in it; and from the many bodies that are consequently to be found here, it might not unaptly be termed the "Dead-Cellar." This property is said to have been accidentally discovered from some poultry having been left in it, and forgotten, and which were afterwards found in an incorrupted state, with the juices dried up. A Swedish princess happening to die about this time, it was determined to place the body in the vault, with a view of preserving it until the directions of her family could be received as to its final disposition. It proved that her relatives did not think her worth a funeral, nor did the senate feel desirous to incur the expense of one suitable to her rank; and therefore it was determined to let her remain in *statu quo*, and which she has now done for three hundred years.

'Since this time other corpses have been deposited in this cellar. Amongst the rest, a plumber, fifty years of age, who fell from off the steeple, and severed his head from its body; this is said to have lain three hundred years;—an English countess, eighty years of age, belonging to the Stanhope family, who died of a cancer, and which has been in the vault two hundred years;—a Swedish general and his adjutant, who were killed near Bremen during the seven years' war; a cannon-shot wound in the side of the latter is yet visible;—also a student, who fell in a duel about the same time; the wound of a sabre is still perceptible on the left shoulder, and the silken band of the garland made by his fair friends, in token of his unfortunate fate, yet remains.

'There are also various other bodies preserved here. The whole formerly lay carelessly on the ground, but of late more decency has been observed, each body having been placed in a separate chest. I examined some of them with great attention, and found the skin resembling coarse hard leather, under which, on making pressure, might be perceived the vacancies left by the drying-up or evaporation of the fluid parts. The hair was firm on the scalp, and the teeth and nails in a perfect state, the eyes dried up and deeply sunk into

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the orbits, and the nose like a double nose, from the cartilage, at its connection with the *ossu nasi*, having sunk down to a level with the face.

'There was a Muscovy duck in full plumage, which retained all its original beauty; and also a cat, that was supposed to have got in accidentally, and which lies coiled up as if a leop.''

We are sure we need not add another word to our former commendation of this delightful work, which is embellished with numerous lithographic views of interesting scenes and subjects.

ORIGINAL.

STREET MUSIC.

To all those sounds which in 'crowded cities' belong to the 'busy hum of men,' every inhabitant must accustom himself, or he in consequence, will be a much enraged and very miserable man. He whose fastidious ears and weak nerves shrink from coaches, potter-drays, and fire-engines,—to whom the yelling music of London cries, whether of milk, mackerel, spring flowers, or old clothes, become a perpetual source of torment, is a person who has no business to live in London at all. With such a man, it is as presumptuous an act of daring, as it would be for a trout to take the air, or a nightingale to dive into the stream; he is an animal out of his element, and it is not worth while to waste our pity upon his sufferings,—either let him endure them in magnanimous silence, get hardened by practice, or return to woods, commons, and cold mutton, without further effort or lamentation.

But, since men of all descriptions must necessarily inhabit cities, and the gay, lively, thoughtless, noise-loving, and long-habituated,—the young, to whom confusion is pleasant, and the old, to whom bustle is life, form only a portion of the whole;—since London abounds with men who must *think*, and women who must *feel*, we must confess that it frequently strikes us as a very serious evil, that the natural, necessary, and customary sounds of our mighty metropolis should be swollen into such discordant chorus as we perpetually find them, by the innumerable performers on barrel-organs, dulcimers, Pandean-pipes, &c. which, from the moment we are west of St. Giles's, pour all the miseries of their melodies, at every turn, upon the wretched pedestrians, or more wretched inhabitants of those regions.

Whether the music so exhibited be good or bad is of little moment: if the former, it *disturbs*; if the latter (which is ninety-nine times the case out of a hundred), it *distracts* you. Under every possible case it comes upon the ear mingled with sounds which have 'no music in their souls;' sounds which break, fritter, and tear the tune to rags, which play the very devil with those self-endearing sensations which memory of young love and gay days gone by, might associate with a languishing air or a sprightly waltz. In being blessed by nature with a fine ear, you are cursed by fortune with the most cruel exercise upon it, and, like Hogarth's mad mu-

sician, driven to the verge of temper and of reason, by a species of acute torture upon an organ that it is actually out of your power to render callous. If you are not so gifted, still you are disturbed by a noise which incapacitates you for thought,—which is more continuous, and, therefore, more wearisome, than other sounds; and which penetrates with more determined action into those precious little boudoir recesses where you may have established a retreat from the intrusion, and which your business or your pleasure calls for.

We are so far ourselves from having any Quaker-like objections to music of any description, in its *proper place*, that we think every company of those spirit-stirring pipers and grinders might be tolerated, and even approved, in the parks or the environs; but the torment they give when we are closely helged in by rows of lofty houses, or compelled to live in front rooms, amounts to a nuisance that is really agonizing. All conversation is forbidden, all power of thought destroyed. Who can draw out a wedding settlement, consider a case, contrive a report, pen a sonnet, or even construct a sentence, with those discordant concords 'splitting the ears of the groundlings' on every side him? Can a tender mother teach her child its letters, a good housewife scold the cook, or even a prudent couple exchange an economic *tête-a-tête* conversation, with 'Home, sweet Home' shrieked yellingly into their ears on one side, and 'Were a Nodding—nid, nid, Nodding,' breathed through the sonorous thorax of a bag-pipe on the other? We are well acquainted with a mathematician who removed lately out of an open street into a court, for the sole purpose of avoiding this species of interruption to his studies, but, to his great horror, on the second day of his abode there, found a harp-player, whose powers were exactly the reverse of King David's, stationed before his window, and a perambulating theorbotwanger slowly parading the narrow circuit of — buildings, where he had hoped for a cessation from all such troubles. It will be readily conceived that their notes, 'by nearness made less sweet,' soon taught him the miserable truth, that he had exchanged a great misery for one still greater,—fled from a general shower to be overwhelmed by the concentrated stream of a cataract. On appealing to the pity of his hostess on the subject, in the hope of hearing that the visitants were new, and likely to be, therefore, temporary, he was answered with,—'Oh! yes, sir; I takes it ve are as *cheerful* as any body in this here place, for, ven these be gone, more'll come,—there's never no dullness at all.'—'But, ma'am, I came here on purpose to be quiet.'—'Oh, yes, sir, I know you did, and I hopes you'll alis find peace and quietness in my house; I told you so at first, and I never deceives nobody.'—'But you don't call this stillness?'—'Oh! no, to be sure not stillness, but *that* is what one never thinks of, except just your country people.'

But, if the studious are thwarted, and the imaginative tortured, by these incessant encroachments on their comforts, what is the effect

on the spirits of the valetudinarian, on the shattered nerves of the languid and dying? What the feelings of those relations who surround the sick couch or the death-bed of those whom they seek to guard from every sound that could jar upon the sense or disturb the temper of the sufferer? Not in times of sorrow, any more than sickness, can music be endured by the afflicted (of this description); and, perhaps, there is not one man in fifty, nor one woman in a hundred, who have not frequently suffered poignantly from this cause. We are intimately acquainted with a family whose servant has been for many weeks commissioned to watch the arrival of these nuisances, and pray them to pass the house, paying them for their courtesy of course, for which purpose he receives a shilling every morning, wherewith to abate that which cannot be eradicated without some regulation in our police, which appears to us imperiously called for.

If these itinerant musicians were permitted to exercise their vocation only in the vicinity, it is evident those who were annoyed by them could either keep away or go away; but a man cannot run out of his house because their strains enter his window, perforate his key-hole, and play upon all that is irritable in his composition, while they destroy everything tranquil in his situation. The utmost regard we may be desirous of according to the liberty of the subject, as such, or to the extension of the fine arts, will hardly induce the staunchest radical, or the most enthusiastic amateur, to maintain the right of the few, so as to triumph over the happiness, and rule the well-being of the many, as it must be evident these terrific personages take upon themselves to do. Until their 'occupation is gone,' the occupation of all thinking people within their vortex must inevitably stand still; and, although these are, perhaps, not exactly the race who live by their wits, it will hardly be denied that they are equally worth preservation,—to say nothing of the aching heads, and aching hearts, of multitudes whom they oppress and distract in a manner utterly incompatible with the rights and privileges of all persons in a well-ordered state.

Should we consider our tyrants as themselves objects of commiseration, and be inclined to address them in the language of Mr. Canning's Sapphic ode—

'Needy noise-grinders, why do you grind noise?
Is it the want of blue-ruin or breeches,
Love of your babies, or fear of the bailiffs,
Make you distract us?'

—would it not be well to think of the means of providing for them and ourselves, by a tax which should procure bread for the first, and peace for the last, if banishing them to the purlieus were found impracticable? Surely all who pay for lighting and watering streets would gladly contribute to removing an evil far greater than either dust or darkness,—a 'pestilence that walketh at noon,' a plague that infects the very soul by awakening all its angry emotions and destroying its kindly propensities—making even those most imbued with the milk of human kindness call on the devil ten times a day, and lips which were

created to utter only soft words, pish! and pshaw! with the expression of vixens, as husbands, children, servants, and even visitors, can testify.

The single circumstance which can possibly be urged in excuse for this intolerable mischief is, 'that some young and gay spirits are so constituted as to take delight in music, which, even when bad, awakens their memory to enjoyment.' To this we reply, that it must be evident those mirth-loving and mirth-enjoying souls are merry enough without this addition to their pleasure; and it is reasonable to suppose that, as a good-natured kind-hearted race, they would willingly forego this fugitive incitement, rather than load their fellow creatures by inflicting it upon them, to such manifest detriment of mind, body, and estate, as numbers experience. They would consider that balls, concerts, theatres, walks, morning lessons, and evening parties, might suffice for their enjoyment of this recreation, and that the short period allotted to calling on friends and selecting dresses might be as well passed without the distraction and dissipation of spirits thus occasioned, especially as they may be wasted in the evening more agreeably and effectually.

It would, perhaps, be possible to compromise, by admitting ballad-singing, but excluding instrumental performers; but, in truth, so far as we are personally concerned, they also must be consigned to the groves and avenues of the parks, in lieu of the nightingales and owls, which are banished thence by crowds, who would find them, probably, very excellent substitutes. Of all the most appalling spectacles of human misery the heart can contemplate, surely that of an old ballad-singer, squeaking out, from an empty stomach and failing lungs, some woful imitation of a fashionable air or a merry glee, is the most melancholy and heart-rending? It seems to remind us of the brightest hours in our existence,—of splendour and elegance—beauty that charmed the eye, and sounds that 'steeped us in Elysium,' and to show us the most agonizing effort, by which misery, poverty, and age, can try to win compassion or excite attention;—the very sight is a libel on humanity—a reproach to the institutions of the country.

Surely some of our readers in the Mendicity Society, the Suppression of Vice Association, or others connected with the good of the community, will, in charity to the thousands who suffer daily, and indeed hourly, from this cause, consider its importance, and apply some means of abating the nuisance, adequate to the end proposed. Those streets in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street and the squares about Bloomsbury are the most subject to this calamity, which, if permitted to exist at all, should be removed farther west, where people lie longer in bed, have less to think of, and can, therefore, better afford to have their time destroyed and their minds disturbed. B.

THE SMUGGLERS' PETITION TO PARLIAMENT.

[WE are too sensible of the punctuality with which the gentlemen of the press discharge

their important duties, and of the skill and fidelity with which they report the proceedings in Parliament, to suspect, for a moment, that they intentionally suppressed so important a petition as that of the smugglers; the fact is, that it was presented by the member for Aberdeen, just after a division, and when the reporters and the public were excluded from the gallery. Fortunately, we have, through the kindness of ASMODEUS, procured a copy, which we submit at once to our readers.]

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,
The Humble Petition of the Smugglers of the United Kingdom,

Sheweth,—That, as it is the proud boast of an Englishman, that there is no wrong without a remedy, and that our tribunals of justice are as open as our taverns, your petitioners approach your honourable house to entreat you to redress those wrongs of which they are reluctantly driven to complain.

That your petitioners are a numerous, active, brave, and spirited body of individuals; and that, notwithstanding the persecutions of fine and imprisonment, they have recruited the armies and navies of this country, and contributed in no ordinary degree to increase the population of one of the newest but most distant of his Majesty's colonies.

That, although it is expressly stipulated in Magna Charta (art. xlvii), that 'no freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed, unless by the legal judgment of his peers,' yet your petitioners have, without any process of law, had the property for which they honestly paid, and procured at great risk, forcibly taken from them, and been taken and imprisoned without any legal judgment of their peers, who would never have consented to such an anomaly in British jurisprudence, or such a gross outrage on the liberty of the subject.

That, grievous as the oppressions are under which your petitioners have long lain, they have borne them with patience, and would still not have complained, had not their very existence been threatened by a legislative measure now before your honourable house.

That your petitioners do not profess to be deeply versed in the wisdom of legislation, or to decide on those innovations by the present ministers on that system of policy which has received the sanction of ages; yet they cannot but view with alarm and dread, the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to reduce the duties on foreign spirits, lace, gloves, &c. particularly when it is accompanied by the avowal, that the measure has for its object the extermination of your petitioners—since they take our lives who take the means whereby we live.

That your petitioners are quite unconscious of having committed any act, or given any offence, which could thus call down the vengeance of the right honourable gentleman; and can furnish proof, not only of the services they have rendered their country, but that, in their number have at all times been found persons distinguished for their rank and talents.

That, a few years ago, your petitioners could number among them the lady of the Lord Chief Justice of England, whose deep and intimate acquaintance with LAW was indisputable. That, in the present day, the secretaries of state, all the foreign ambassadors, and several members of both houses of Parliament, are either actually smugglers themselves, or encouragers of the profession, although only one member of your honourable house has had the candour to avow the fact.

That your petitioners have, at various times, rendered important services to the country and his Majesty's government cannot be denied. It is in evidence before your honourable house,* that your petitioners, seeing the avidity with which articles of foreign manufacture are purchased, and the contempt with which our own superior productions are treated, with a laudable desire to serve their country, have introduced British silks and laces as foreign, and thus given vent to our manufactures, which they otherwise would not have obtained; and your petitioners pledge themselves to prove at the bar of your honourable house, that nine-tenths of the silks, laces, gloves, tea, tobacco, &c. sold in this country, as smuggled, are really British or colonial produce, and have actually paid the duties imposed on such articles.

That your petitioners, during the late war, were chiefly instrumental in procuring for his Majesty's government, information of the proceedings of the most active and determined enemy this country ever had, and that when the memorable expedition to Walcheren was undertaken, it was from among your petitioners the individual was selected to lead it to its destination,—a task which he executed most faithfully.

That, on these grounds, your petitioners humbly intreat that the proposed reduction of the duties on excisable articles may not take place; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever smuggle.

Signed on behalf of the smugglers of Great Britain and Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, &c.

EDWARD MOONSHINE.

* The petitioners are in error as to the house, though not as to the fact: for it was in the course of the evidence given before the House of Lords, on the subject of the silk trade, that the prevalent taste of English ladies for foreign fashions was rather curiously discovered. A London manufacturer being asked if many French goods did not find their way into this country, replied, 'Yes, but I don't consider that an evil. There is a disposition in many to wear anything that comes from France; and we have frequently found that a few silks thus introduced, however improperly, have been copied immediately; and where there has been one French garment worn, there have been a thousand sold as French, from the very patterns thus copied. It is no uncommon thing for a manufacturer to copy a pattern immediately, and send it down to Brighton, and, by means of fish-women and smugglers, the silks are sold for French at a higher price than they would have given for them in London.'—ED.

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THE LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

THE anniversary dinner of this society was celebrated, on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, where about one hundred and forty persons sat down to dinner. The chair was to have been taken by Sir James Mackintosh, M. P., the author of a very clever work, entitled *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and of the prospectus of a history of England, which Longman and Co., some dozen years ago, stated they had agreed for at the price of some thousands; but not one line of which is, we believe, in print, if written.

In the absence of Sir James, the chair was taken by C. Saville Onley, Esq., M. P., supported by Viscount Strangford, Sir Stamford Raffles, Mr. Shadwell, king's counsel, Sergeant Bosanquet, &c. The toasts and their accompanying songs were such as are usually given at public dinners, whatever may be their object. The chairman, in a neat speech, in which he expatiated on the necessity of giving bread to a living rather than a stone to a dead author, proposed 'Prosperity to the Literary Fund Society,' which was drunk with enthusiasm, particularly by those who had never been at one of these dinners before, and were ignorant of the damper that was to follow—we allude to the annual and unmerited infliction of bad verse on the company by Mr. Fitzgerald. What Byron failed to effect, we may well despair of accomplishing; and, as long as the 'small-beer poet' lives, we doubt not we shall be doomed to hear—

'Fitzgerald bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern-hall.'

These couplets, on the present occasion, were about fifty in number, the greatest portion of which would do for the Magdalen, the Bible Society, or the Licensed Victuallers' anniversary dinners, as well as for that of the Literary Fund Society. We are persuaded that Mr. Fitzgerald wishes well to this society; but its managers ought to tell him how much he injures it by spouting his doggerel annually; and, if he cannot be prevailed on to relinquish such an unpardonable annoyance, we hope they will make a half-price at their next anniversary, to commence the moment Mr. Fitzgerald has delivered himself: we are sure the funds of the institution would gain vastly by it.

The treasurer read the report and list of subscriptions, which were numerous, and stated, that the flourishing state of the society had enabled the managers to afford more ample relief to unfortunate men of letters than at any former period. At ten o'clock the company, which never recovered from the effects occasioned by the dose of bad verse administered by Mr. Fitzgerald, separated, and thus ended the anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, for the year 1825. The fact is, Mr. Fitzgerald's reciting his own poetry is as effectual as reading the Riot Act in dispersing any assembly.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. the sixteenth anniversary of the Artists' Benevolent Fund

Society, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, when Mr. Peel, the secretary of state for the home department, took the chair. In proposing the health of the King, Mr. Peel stated the very handsome manner in which his Majesty, unsolicited, had offered to become the patron of the society, and presented it with a donation of one hundred guineas. On his own health being drunk, Mr. Peel said, he should be unworthy the office of a minister of George the Fourth, if he did not give his support to the fine arts, of which his sovereign was so munificent a patron. It appeared from the report read by Mr. Balmanno, that the society is prosperous.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

I'll form a wreath to crown thee, love,
Of blossoms bright and gay;
The shepherds all shall bow to thee,
And hail thee Queen of May.

The rose so red, the primrose pale,
'Bathed in morning dew';
The woodbine, eglantine, and pink,
And hyacinth of blue.

The violet, that in the shade
Doth veil its modest head;
The pansy, daisy, gilly-flow'r,
And cowslip from the mead:

The snowdrop (diamond of the spring),
And flow'rs from hawthorn spray;
With lilies from the vale below,
Shall crown thee Queen of May.

The new-born morn shall view thee, love,
With envy and dismay;
Because thine eyes eclipse the sun,
Thou brightest Queen of May!

At noon, along the purling streams,
In cooling shades we'll stray;
And zephyrs soft shall own thee, then,
The sweetest Queen of May.

At eventide, my sheep all penn'd,
I'll tune an am'rous lay,
To chase away thy cares, my love;
Thou bright-eyed Queen of May!

When shepherds, in the moon's pale beam,
Do meet to dance and play,
There thou shalt be acknowledged
The only Queen of May.

The flow'rs that in the verdant meads
Their beauteous hues display,
Will die, if thou art absent, love!
Thou art the life of May.

The cowslips, that beside the path
Their odours cast away,
Lay themselves there to kiss thy feet,
Adored Queen of May!

The wish that in your heart shall rise,
Before you've time to say
What 'tis you want—that will I grant
To thee, the Queen of May.

The store of pelf which, by my flock,
I gain from day to day,
I will devote to thee, my love—
Thou fairest Queen of May.

My cot, my meads, my sheep, myself,
All at thy feet I lay;
Oh! take them all, my sweetest love,
And be my Queen of May. O. N. Y.

VERSES

Found among the Papers of a young Man who died of a Decline.

MOURN not, ye meads! though autumn nips
The bloom that summer on you shows;
Wail not, ye woods! though winter strips
The faded foliage from your boughs:
For soon again will ye assume
Your vernal vestures fresh and fair—
Again, adorned with blade and bloom,
Breathe sweetness through the April air!

But never this death-stricken heart,
The throne of grief—a fount of tears!
Shall nature give again, nor art
The blissful bloom of younger years.
In the dark dwelling of the dead,
Soon shall I press my couch of clay,
Where din nor dream no more invade,
And night is ne'er dethroned by day!

O! murmur not, ye streams, that stole
In summer sunshine blue and bright;
Though hoarse and hurried now ye roll,
Dark as the cloud-clothed noon of night!
Through banks of bloom, in smiling May,
Soon will ye move with merry noise;
Bright as the lucent light of day,
Blue as the arch-bent azure skies.

Not so with me.—The tide of time
In youth passed like a stealing stream,
Unstirr'd by storm, unsoil'd by slime,
It flowed, reflecting hope's kind gleam.
Nor now is hope's sun wholly set,
One ray still gilds life's early even,
That lights and leads my spirit yet
To rest and peace—the hope of Heaven!

IMLAH.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

ONE of the most extraordinary productions in this year's exhibition—or we might say the most extraordinary of all, is Danby's *Delivery of Israel out of Egypt*, No. 287. The execution of this picture is as wonderful as the conception is sublime; nor can anything be more illusive than the manner in which the pillar of fire is represented. This artist's *Sunset at Sea after a Storm*, exhibited here last year, and his *Enchanted Island*, at the British Institution, were both admirable pictures, particularly the first; but this, we think, is decidedly superior. The pale mysterious light thrown over the figures on the foreground, the supernatural darkness of the atmosphere, and the immense force of the collected body of waters, upheaved and then rushing down with a tremendous impetuosity,—all combine to form a most sublime and awful scene. There is a grandeur and depth of imagination in this piece that indicate superior genius; and there is too, if we may so express ourselves, an intensity of feeling pervading it, that not only shows the painter to have been in earnest in the subject, but that communicates itself to the spectator. This artist seems to be peculiarly happy in splendid or terrific effects of light; there is undoubtedly a great similarity of talent between him and Martin, but each has his respective merits. Martin is most successful in those compositions where he can introduce immense ranges of building, and pile palace on palace and add tower to tower; in this re-

spect Mr. Danby has not hitherto attempted to compete with him, but we hesitate not to say, that in painting all other effects of light he is equal, perhaps his superior. Had Martin treated this subject, we think he would have rendered it more vivid and showy—more sublime we do not think he could have made it. We know not how better to characterize Mr. Danby's picture than by saying that it is tremendously fine. We understand that the picture has been purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, who applied to the artist as soon as he had seen it at the private view. It will be a valuable acquisition even to the gallery at Cleveland House.

Just by the preceding piece hangs a very clever little picture, by J. S. Davis, whimsically termed 'My Den,' representing a sort of still-life view of the interior of a painter's study, where pictures, skulls, bits of drapery, armour, books, and a variety of other painting paraphernalia and *et cetera* are depicted. The arrangement is good, the colouring harmonious and mellow, and the whole is painted with a free and bold pencil.

No. 106, The Travelling Druggist, by Mulready, is a very charmingly painted and pleasing picture, and worthy of the artist of the Wolf and Lamb. The present composition has, however, less dramatic interest than the one we have just named, but a great deal of unaffected nature in it. The scene is at the door of a cottage, where a woman, who holds a pallid sickly boy in her arms, is purchasing some rhubarb of an itinerant Turk. Just without the door stands another child, with a skipping-rope in his hand, whose gaiety seems to be in some degree damped at being deprived of the company of his poor invalid playmate. There is much richness and force in this piece, and, although no very elaborate finishing is aimed at, the details are beautifully painted.

Could we forget Wilkie's Village Festival, his Chelsea Pensioners, and some of his former productions, we should say that his Highland Family is a beautiful thing; it is certainly not inferior to the subjects he exhibited last year, but still it is not worthy of his pencil. It is formed but of very slight materials—a man seated on a chair while his wife is holding out to him an infant, two dogs lying by the fire burning on the floor, and a girl going towards a door. The dogs are admirably touched and full of character; not so much, we think, the principal group; and the large pink bonnet of the woman seems to us nearly as outré in a Highland *shealing*, as a pink parasol among the pyramids. Speaking of parasols puts us in mind of the portrait of Mrs. W. Turner, by Phillips, which is one of the most elegant and delicate female portraits in the exhibition. The lady is seated on the ground holding in her hand a white silk parasol, that throws the fore and upper part of the figure into a beautiful half shadow. The same artist has a very charmingly-painted head of Dr. Richardson, No. 403.

Pickersgill has several good portraits; we last week mentioned those of Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, but there are two others that

deserve particular notice, viz. No. 9, Mrs. Morison, and No. 176, Miss L. E. Landon. The former of these portraits, which represents a very charming woman, has a lucid pearly tone in the colouring, well adapted to the subject. The dress is particularly elegant and becoming: it is a white satin robe, coming up nearly to the throat, and possesses all the beautiful glossiness peculiar to that material. The other, although not quite equal to the preceding in point of execution, and although it does not exhibit so sweet a countenance, is yet not a little interesting as being that of the author of the *Improvisatrice*—the L. E. L. of poetical celebrity; and, although we cannot exactly say, as the lady herself has so beautifully expressed it,—

'She looks a form of light and life,—
All soul, all passion, and all fire;
A priestess of Apollo, when
The morning beam falls on her lyre;'

she certainly does look like a very animated and spirited young lady; nor is she without some fire and meaning in her eye. There is a touch of the romantic in her appearance that we do not dislike, for, to confess the truth, we should have been half angry had we found that the fair minstrel looked like a demure dowdy.

By the by, now we are on the subject of portraits and looks, there be certain pictures in the anti-room, professing to represent 'ladies;' but we should rather think that, at the most, they can be but ladies' maids, and they look almost too vulgar for that. And then there is a piece which, if we may believe the catalogue, is a portrait, by Mr. Brockedon, of Miss Graddon, in the character of Linda in the *Freischutz*, but which we should say must be intended for some show-board at Bartholomew Fair; and then, nearly opposite, is what is called 'Othello and Desdemona.'—Heavens! what a Desdemona!—surely the Moor must have picked up this ill-favoured creature when he was travelling among the Anthropophagi. But, after all, the two most inexplicable pieces of mystification are Nos. 333, Abel the Shepherd, and 384, a Scene from Kent: these really are two superlatively extraordinary, astonishing, and prodigious performances—they absolutely stagger us.

Let us, however, quit these incomprehensible monsters, and go and relieve our eyes a little by looking at Nos. 99 and 110, by Good. Any one who has before seen any of this artist's pictures has no occasion to turn to the catalogue for his name, as that is written legibly enough on the pictures themselves; it is impossible to mistake his peculiar style. These subjects exhibit precisely the same effect of light—an effect he is so happy in producing,—as his preceding performances. We know of no painter in oils whose works possess so much the appearance of objects viewed in a camera: they seem to be perfect transcripts from nature, without any attempt at improvement or exaggeration. Mr. Good has, too, something very peculiar in the management of his materials: he does not affect deep and transparent shadows; he abstains almost entirely from glazing or scumbling; it is difficult to detect even a touch of his pencil; all he seems to

aim at is to produce a fac-simile of nature, and of catching sunny light,—and in this he perfectly succeeds. His 'Smuggler's Resting' is an admirable piece: the hands seem absolutely detached from the canvass, but the complexions of the men are too clear and brilliant, so as to have more the appearance of wax-work than of the weather-beaten look of persons of their habits and professions.

Westall's *Allegro*, No. 64, is certainly not the happiest specimen of this artist's manner—and a most decided mannerist he certainly is: it is what may be termed quite a *namby pamby* picture, mawkishly conceived and vulgarly executed, and the colouring is crude, glaring, and inharmonious. It may do very well for a subject of a book-plate to some pocket-edition of Milton, for which, indeed, it seems designed, but beyond that it cannot aspire. Then there is the lady in black, here intended to personate Melancholy; she has been drawn by Mr. Westall at least five thousand times before.

There is a great paucity of landscapes this year, but there is one, No. 224, by Constable, that is in itself a host—a meadow-scene on the bank of a canal, with willows and other trees; and it is a charming specimen of that fresh verdant scenery peculiar to this country. There is also a very good landscape, by Glover, representing a Waterfall on the River Dee, in which the artist has hit off nature very successfully, as seen in a cloudy day.

There are but very few things of note in the Architectural Room; the principal are two views of the Bank, and the New Buildings for the Board of Trade, by Mr. Soane; one of the Interior Courts of a design for a Palace, by Mr. Gandy; and Wilkins' designs for the new buildings of King's College, Cambridge. The centre of the Bank, now about to be erected, is the part Mr. Soane exhibits this year, and we must really say that this part of the design seems considerably inferior to the wings. It is far from possessing the classical grace of the latter, or even of harmonizing with them. We know not how far he has or has not been obliged to accommodate himself to the existing plan, but the windows give it a crowded and somewhat trivial air, and the circular-headed arches and entrances in the lower part certainly do not accord with the niches, blank doors, &c. of the wings. This centre has, also, too much the appearance of a dwelling-house or residence: it is destitute of that character of security and solidity which the rest of the structure possesses. Then, too, to give height to this centre, the architect has introduced above the entablature of the order, which is on a line with that of the wings, a superstructure which, although handsome considered in itself, does not seem to terminate the building very gracefully, for it imparts to it an air of heaviness rather than of majesty. Before we saw this drawing, we conceived that it might be the architect's intention to mark this feature of the composition by a Corinthian order of larger dimensions than that employed in the wings, and without any other aperture than the entrances. Mr. Gandy's design has some beautiful features, but it is too fanciful, on the whole, to

suit our taste. The Virg watching the length upon and arm s young St. painted by by Christie the collect hundred and the artist, v for Mr. La

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suit our tastes exactly. Those by Mr. Wilkins are eminently beautiful, and, if the college be finished according to them, it will eclipse every other building in that university.

The Virgin, with St. Joseph by her side, watching the infant Saviour, extended at length upon a linen cloth, asleep, his head and arm supported upon a cushion (the young St. John is seen above the pillow), painted by Sebastiano del Piombo, was sold by Christie, at his rooms, on Friday, from the collection of Mr. McGillivray, for six hundred and five guineas. Mr. Reinagle, the artist, was the purchaser, we have heard, for Mr. Lambton.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening a new historical play, in five acts, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *William Tell*. The subject, which has been dramatized before, both in this country and in Germany, will at once suggest itself from the title. To Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, we are indebted for this new piece, which displays much poetical and dramatic talent. The incidents in the story of Tell, even as embellished by fiction, are too few for a play of five acts, and, had Mr. Knowles confined himself to three, his play would have been better. It is true he endeavoured to sustain the interest by an under-plot, but it was not one that naturally arose out of the main story, and, therefore, seemed rather an episode grafted on it. The story is soon told—William Tell (Mr. Macready), goaded by the tyranny of Gesler, determines to avail himself of the first opportunity to shake it off; he trains his son Albert (Clara Fisher) up to archery, and patriotism at the same time, and, after the boy had missed his mark, the father bids him fancy that it is Gesler against whom he draws the shaft, and he then hits the mark. This scene, which was rather too long, was striking, and much applauded. Albert is afterwards sent with a dagger to a friend, as the signal of revolt, but in the way finds Gesler (Mr. Archer), who inquires his name; this he refuses to acknowledge, and is confined. Tell is also afterwards taken, and the father and son confronted; both, however, conceal their relationship, until Gesler orders Tell first to be executed; and afterwards the child. The force of nature now breaks forth, and Tell acknowledges the dear affinity. Tell is afterwards ordered to shoot an apple from the head of his son. This scene, in itself very striking, was much injured by some ill-managed shrieks and fainting of women on the stage. Tell afterwards escapes from the tyrant, Gesler, whom he despatches with an arrow, and rescues his son; and thus the drama ends. The part of Tell was admirably sustained by Mr. Macready, who combined energy with tenderness in an extraordinary degree; and Miss Clara Fisher displayed a degree of feeling and acquaintance with the stage which much older actors and actresses do not possess. Mrs. Bunn (as Eurana, the

wife of Tell), did all that could be done with an insignificant part; and the same remark will apply to Wallack, Mrs. Yates, Knight, and little Povey. The author evidently rested on Tell and Albert, on which all the vigour of his mind has been displayed, and the characters are extremely well drawn. The piece, which was received throughout very favourably, was announced for repetition with unanimous applause.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MATTHEW BROEMARK, a learned Danish mathematician, has invented a new steam-carriage, which can be easily guided, and travel, it is said, fourteen leagues in an hour. The first experiment was made sixty leagues from the capital. The carriage, loaded with passengers, set out at half an hour past eleven from the place where it was built, and arrived at the gates of Copenhagen at a quarter before five. Mr. Broemark intends to make a journey to Paris.

Longitude.—The annual prize of £300 has been awarded, by the Board of Longitude, to Mr. W. Widinham, of East Street, Red Lion Square, for the best chronometer, it having varied only one second and eighty hundredths of a second on its mean daily rate during the twelve months. The prize of £200 has been awarded to Mr. J. M. French, of the Royal Exchange, for the second best chronometer, his having varied one second and eighty-five hundredths of a second during the twelve months; eighty-five hundredths of a second during the last nine months; and forty-five hundredths of a second during the last six months, on its mean daily rate. Mr. French's chronometer, No. 720, was made the standard during Dr. Tiarks' survey to ascertain the longitude of Madeira, in July and August, 1822; and its accuracy during the time it was under his care induced him to take the longitude of Madeira from it. Dr. Tiarks takes the mean of the whole sixteen chronometers employed on the occasion, by interpolation; and the standard gives the same result as the whole sixteen, within two hundredths of a second. It appears that, through the means of these chronometers, Dr. Tiarks has been enabled to discover a considerable error in the longitude of Madeira (as laid down by a former survey), and to find out where the errors lay. He was employed by the Admiralty, at the recommendation of the Board of Longitude, in 1823, to find, by the use of chronometers, the differences of longitude between Dover and Falmouth, and Portsmouth and Falmouth; and for that purpose he was furnished with twenty-nine chronometers from the Royal Observatory, including all that were on trial for the prize. On this survey, he has discovered an error in the longitude of these important stations, as laid down by former surveys, in consequence of the accurate rate of going of these chronometers. He has thus been enabled to establish the following results:—Longitude of Dover station, five min. seventeen sec. fifty-four. E. Portsmouth Observatory, four min. twenty-four sec. seventy-seven W. Pendennis

Castle, twenty min. ten sec. eighty-five. Madeira, one h. seven min. thirty-nine sec. 08. On this occasion, also, it appears, that Mr. French's chronometer was the standard. The former survey had placed the longitude of the two latter places about four seconds less to the westward.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 6	63	70	60	29 8	fair.
.... 7	51	67	56	.. 90	Do.
.... 8	52	66	55	.. 96	Do.
.... 9	55	66	54	30 10	Do.
.... 10	55	66	53	.. 07	Do.
.... 11	53	66	50	.. 02	Do.
.... 12	52	58	49	29 86	Rain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Society for the Employment of Idle Gentlemen, H. B., L. L., and D. R., in our next.

A correspondent inquires if *Asmodeus* will attend the coronation at Rheims: we have much pleasure in stating, that he has promised to be there.

Lines to young Ladies are not of general interest; and we really have not tears to shed or sighs to breathe over the fate of every lover that scribbles verse to an obdurate mistress.

We thank Mentor for his candour and politeness.

G. F. will find a letter at the office of our publisher, any day after Monday.

*C. is informed, that although we do not doubt the correctness of his judgment, yet we cannot insert the critique on anonymous authority, and without having seen the picture ourselves; nor can we promise to any correspondent that we will neither alter nor expunge any part of what he may write.

The communication from C., at Brighton, will be attended to.

. We find it necessary to repeat, that orders for the East and West Indies must be paid in advance, and the newsvenders will explain the charges.

Works published since our last notice.—Salt on Hieroglyphics, royal 8vo. 9s.—Proctor's Journey to the Cordilleras and Andes, 12s.—Costello's Songs of a Stranger, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Poole's Tribulation, a comedy, in two acts, 2s. 6d.—Bentham on Judicial Evidence, royal 8vo. 12s.—Coleridge's Aid to Reflection, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Ayton's Essays and Sketches of Character, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Foresters, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Bayley's History of the Tower, part 2, royal 4to. 3s. 3d.—Bentham's Rationale of Reward, 12s.—Anecdotes of Lord Byron, foolscap, 6s.—Wood on Rail-Roads, 14s.—Jones's Analogia Latina, 3s. 6d.—Smith on Breeding for the Turf, 12s.—Smith's Introduction to Botany, 14s. coloured, 28s.—Shaw's Further Observations on the Spine, 7s.—Baron Field's New South Wales, 8vo. 18s.—East's Sabbath Harp, 5s.—Penrose's Journal, 12mo. 7s.

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15, Duke Street, Westminster, 5th May, 1825.

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